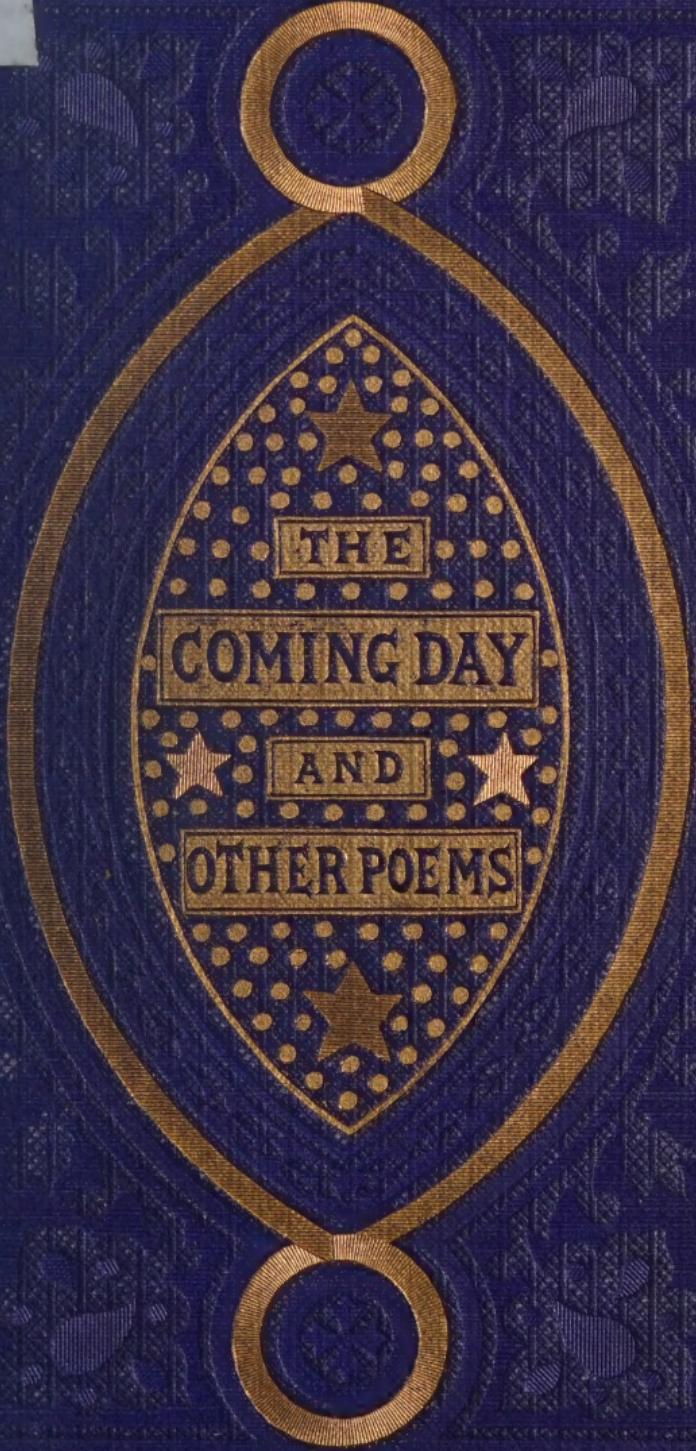


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THE  
COMING DAY  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

*John Broadhead  
Entered  
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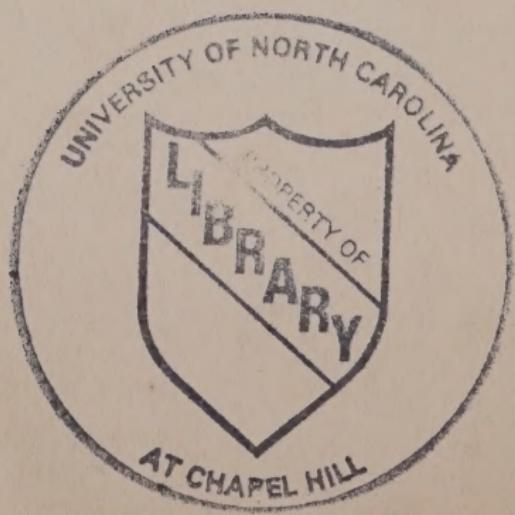


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# COMING DAY,

AND

*Other Poems.*

BY

HENRY JOHN DOOGOOD.

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LONDON:

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,  
LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL.

LONDON:

PETTER AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE PRINTING WORKS,  
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

TO A DISTINGUISHED LADY,

WHOSE BENEVOLENCE, AND OTHER CHRISTIAN VIRTUES, HAVE MADE  
HER NAME GENERALLY REVERED,

THESE POEMS ARE, WITH GREAT RESPECT, INSCRIBED.

---

A grateful tribute let me pay,  
Nor, gentle lady, turn away—  
Gracious and good—accept my lay.  
Ever some Christian object kind,  
Like the Great Master, thou dost find,  
And thus employ thy generous mind.

Great names may honest praise engage,  
Emblazoned clear on history's page,  
Of statesman, warrior, and sage.  
Rest they upon their well-earned fame :  
Greater by far will be the name  
Inscribed on Mercy's tablet white—  
No sound so sweet, no word so bright ;  
And, long as memory shall endure,

Blessings will rest, for ever sure,  
Upon the hand the poor that fed,  
Revived the fainting heart with bread ;  
Districts adorned with temples, where  
Eternal truth and holy prayer  
Till then had not been known to raise  
Thair solemn voice, with hymns of praise.

Called on by God a trust to fill,  
Oh, still perform His loving will,  
Until thy mission here be done ;  
Then He will bid thee upward come :  
There will thy recompence be given,  
Supremely blessed with joy in Heaven.



## TO THE READER.

---

Most of the following Poems were written in hours of darkness and affliction. The Author, who was for twenty years engaged in literary pursuits in connection with the public press, was suddenly struck down by an accident eight years ago, in the meridian of life, with the fairest prospects before him, and which resulted in the loss of sight and the power of walking.

An ardent lover of science and literature, he was for many years a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and endeavoured to promote knowledge by gratuitous Lectures at Literary Institutions, some of which he initiated, and was mainly instrumental in forming.

He has sought to alleviate his heavy calamity by cultivating a taste for poetic composition ; and has been induced, at the solicitation of friends, to pub-

lish his productions in the present Volume, many of which have appeared, from time to time, in the periodical press. He has felt great diffidence in taking this step, and trusts to the kind consideration of the critic.

To those friends who have so readily responded to the appeal which has been made to them, to assist him in publishing his effusions, he begs to express his warm gratitude for the generous proof of their sympathy.

The chief Poem embraces views on a subject of much controversy in the Christian world ; but they have been adopted after a very careful examination of the Prophetic writings, both in the Old and New Testaments, and the Author believes them to be borne out by the most overwhelming evidence of Scripture. He is one of those who think that the Second Advent is much nearer than professors of the religion of the Saviour in general consider it to be ; that it is a mistake to imagine that the Earth will be converted before that solemn event, and that the whole tenor of Biblical evidence proves the con-

trary. The approaching fulfilment of the period of six thousand years, in 1866, from the six days' Creation recorded by Moses, and the consequent commencement, about that time, of the Sabbatical Millenary; together with the termination of all the great dates of prophecy, within the five years inclusive, from 1864 to 1868, are significant facts, upon which the most eminent Chronologists have agreed; and, taken in connection with the proofs of Holy Writ, in Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, and John, lead to most probable and important conclusions. The Author is of opinion that the next few years are pregnant with great events, and that the blessed period is rapidly approaching when the light of the Millennial Reign will dawn upon this groaning and distracted World. “Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?”

NORTH HILL, HIGHGATE.



## WELCOME, FAIR ROSE OF DENMARK.

WELCOME, fair Rose of Denmark,  
To England's happy shore,  
Where every voice and pen-mark  
Proclaim it o'er and o'er !  
Blessings descend upon thee  
From Heaven's pure fount above ;  
And on our Prince, who won thee  
To be our Queen of Love !

May naught the union sever,  
Till life itself shall cease,  
Of hearts so linked together  
In bonds of love and peace.  
All Britain's sons salute thee,  
And all her daughters sing,  
Welcome, the Queen of Beauty  
To wed our coming King.

Old Neptune o'er the water,  
With trident in his hand,  
Albion's adopted daughter  
Brought from her fatherland.

But now that we possess her  
Our future Queen to be,  
Britannia, guard and bless her ;  
Keep her from evil free !

Father of mercy, shield her,  
Encompass her with bliss !  
Let every season yield her  
Increasing happiness !  
And if a cloud of sorrow  
Should ever give her pain,  
Bright sunshine on the morrow  
Re-gild her way again. ¶

---

### NATIONAL ANTHEM

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BRIGHT Star of Brunswick's line,  
Whose rising beam doth shine  
With hopeful ray ;  
May God thy union bless  
With Denmark's chaste princess,  
By love and happiness ;  
The People pray.

Sweet lady,—in our Isle,  
May Heaven's propitious smile  
    Illume thy way  
With pure and holy light ;  
Whilst on thy foot-path bright  
Flowerets enchant thy sight,  
    And sunbeams play.

Our future King to be,  
Virtue and truth on thee  
    Real glory shed ;  
Wisdom exalt thy mind ;  
Religion favour find ;  
And blessings, ever kind,  
    Rest on thy head.

Far distant be the day  
When we may know thy sway—  
    God save the Queen !

With loyal sympathy,  
Her people all agree,  
Still long her reign may be,  
    As it hath been :

A model to the State  
Of all that's good and great—  
    Praise to her name !

But when, in after years,  
Thy Sovereign rule appears,  
So vast and wide ;  
May it the region be  
Of all that's wise and free ;  
Thy Father live in thee ;  
His precepts guide.

Let all the Nation sing,  
God save our coming King,  
From day to day.  
Lord, bless the Royal pair :  
Britain's Imperial heir,  
And Denmark's daughter fair,  
Now and for aye !

## BRITAIN'S GREETING TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

To greet the Sea-king's daughter,  
From Scandinavian coast,  
When landing from the water,  
A countless, swelling host,  
Such hearty welcome gave her  
As Britons only can ;  
A prayer that God would save her  
Through every bosom ran.

But now they see her beauty,  
Her radiant smile so sweet ;  
Love makes applause a duty,  
Cheers thunder through the street.  
Sure such ovations never  
More rapturous and free  
To mortal given ever—  
A Queen she ought to be !

Thousands of voices tell it ;  
Exultant cannons roar ;  
Bells, ringing merry, swell it :  
She treads proud Albion's shore.

The spring-tide hastes to meet her,  
And gild the sunny hours ;  
Song-birds with music greet her,  
Bright buds and early flowers.

Peaceful was great Canute's reign,  
His actions wise and good ;  
May his virtues live again,  
And blend with Saxon blood !  
Then will Britons yet to come,  
With those who saw it, say,  
When she made this land her home,  
It was a joyful day.

One thought alone gave anguish,  
And shadow'd o'er the scene :  
That still the heart should languish  
Of England's widow'd Queen.  
The father, too, was missing  
Of that right princely son ;  
But still his early blessing  
Will rest their life upon.

And may this feeling cheer her—  
Soothe her sad grief away ;  
Both Prince and Princess near her  
Be ever prone to stay !

May fairer days await her,  
And joy again renew ;  
May future hopes elate her,  
And make her happy too !



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## THE COMING DAY.

---

AWAKE, my muse, and strike thy trembling lyre :  
Oh, for seraphic power thy flight to wing !  
In angel strains to sing of that Great Day,  
The promised blessed day of jubilee,  
When He shall come in Majesty Divine,  
To reign triumphant o'er a ransomed race,  
Who was despised, rejected, and condemned :  
Come now with power, in clouds of radiant light,  
And diadem of glory on that brow  
Which once was tortured by a crown of thorns.  
The hand which held the mocking reed shall wield  
A sceptre now of universal sway,  
And peace and concord fill the world with joy.  
O happy era dawning on mankind !  
Its tints are gilding now the mountain tops,  
And soon will fill with light the raptured Earth !

Man will no longer tyrannise o'er man,  
The mighty trample on and crush the weak ;  
But holy right, and truth, and love prevail,  
And shed their blessings on the golden age.  
The Lord will come, lift up your drooping heads ;  
Christians, rejoice, the time is near at hand !

Time's rapid current ever surges on,  
To reach the ocean of Eternity,  
Bearing away the pomp and pride of men.  
Heroes may triumph for a short-lived day ;  
Time is a never-ceasing conqueror :  
All human strength and state must own his sway,  
And prostrate lie beneath his crumbling hand.  
Cities and thrones, kingdoms and empires fall ;  
The sturdy battlements and buttress'd towers ;  
Aye, e'en the giant pyramid is but  
A monument of his destructive power.  
And man—the statesman and the warrior,  
The boldest patriot and the wisest sage—  
Have left their glorious deeds behind, to tell  
That once they were, but now have passed away ;  
And the faint records of their transient fame,  
Through every age, become less legible.  
Time measures out our earthly pilgrimage,  
And every moment brings us nearer Death.

Onward he speeds ; his hoary pinions wing  
Their way through years and ages ceaselessly.  
But we heed not his silent, rapid flight ;  
As if there were no life beyond the grave ;  
No realms of bliss, no region of despair,  
No retribution for our crimes on earth.  
So says the sceptic—blind in reason's pride  
To all the proofs of power omnipotent,  
The evidences of Divinity  
Which Nature gives in every blade of grass,  
In every flower that beautifies the earth,  
In all the forms of life ; but most of all  
In man supreme, the likeness of his God !  
A wonderful machine of heavenly skill,  
Whose limbs obey, by some great secret power,  
The motions of his will ; a power so strange,  
That human wisdom never can explain.  
And yet man dares to doubt, and look beyond  
The brief duration of his mortal life  
To blank oblivion, dark forgetfulness !  
Impiety would make the angels frown,  
And look indignant on the daring fool.  
Thus, too, the mystery of incarnate love,  
Which gave to sinful man a Saviour God,  
Is made the subject of his unbelief ;

A work too vast for his poor intellect  
To take within its grasp. He would restrict  
The Sovereign of the mighty universe,  
And in his folly bring the Infinite  
Down to the standard of his finite sense.  
Vain, impious mortal ! See the heavens above ;  
Look on the regions of unbounded space,  
Studded with myriads of celestial orbs,  
Of which this globe is but a particle.  
Could not a being, who can thus create,  
Do all things else it was his will to do ?  
O mercy boundless ! wisdom inscrutable,  
That wrought so great, so wonderful a plan :  
The law fulfilled ; thy justice satisfied ;  
And man redeemed. Love infinite !

A thousand victims every moment fall  
Beneath the all-destroying stroke of Time ;  
And yet we labour on from day to day,  
To lay up store for never-ending years.  
Man onward steers his prosperous course, nor thinks,  
Till oft too late, upon the life to come ;  
Unmindful that he stands upon the brink,  
The yawning gulf of vast eternity ;  
And the next wave that flows may launch him in.  
So the poor mariner upon the sea,

Wafted along by the soft, balmy breeze,  
Dreams not of storms and desolating blasts—  
When the rude tempest, from its hidden cave,  
Bursts forth with fury on the troubled main,  
And hurls the bark, with all her frighted crew,  
Into the deep, beneath the angry wave.  
The Christian looks to fairer scenes beyond,  
When, putting on her holiday attire,  
This orb shall be arrayed in Sabbath robe,  
Throughout a bright millennial reign of joy ;  
And he shall triumph in immortal bliss,  
When the archangel with the trump proclaims  
Man's final doom, and time shall be no more.

But ere that consummation be fulfill'd,  
A day will dawn upon this Earth as fair  
As e'er on Eden's bowers its splendour shed.  
Ages to come of peace, and love, and joy,  
Will fill the world with boundless happiness.  
That great Arch-fiend, the tempter of mankind,  
Father of lies and every other sin,  
No longer left the nations to deceive,  
Will be bound down by adamantine chain,  
And mercy, truth, and righteousness prevail.  
O blessed day for this distracted globe,  
When all the passions of the human heart

Shall be subdued, to reign and rage no more.  
No cruel tyrant will oppress the slave,  
Outrage the laws of God, and trample on  
The common rights bestowed on every man.  
Sprung from one sire, and gifted with a soul ;  
Redeemed alike by one great Sacrifice,  
To live immortal in the realms of light ;  
Why should men dare proscribe and isolate  
A human race not coloured like their own ?  
Oh, sinful traffic, for the greed of gain,  
By those who Christianity profess,  
But violate its holy principles.  
The helpless victims of such wicked power  
Degraded to the level of the brute ;  
In savage darkness kept by force of law ;  
Hearts reft asunder, severed dearest ties ;  
And all the feelings of humanity  
Harshly disdained, insulted, and ignored.  
Domestic institutions, servitude—  
Soft names, forsooth, for wretched slavery ;  
The thraldom of the body and the soul,  
In bondage worse than Egypt's heavy yoke ;  
Dissolving unions which were made by God,  
To satisfy man's base cupidity.  
The hapless mother from her offspring torn,

With bleeding heart and supplication vain.  
Children, bereft of all parental care,  
Must look their last on those they dearly love ;  
And, severed from their grasp by ruthless hands,  
Be sold, like cattle, for the highest price ;  
Then trained—regardless of immortal life,  
The mighty interests of a future state—  
As if they had no mind or human heart.  
So immaterial and material too,  
Body and soul, are bartered both away.  
Freedom, thus outraged, loud on Justice calls,  
And claims the sovereign liberty of Man.  
Oh, dwellers in another hemisphere,  
Vaunting your love of freedom to the world,  
Yet holding with a firm, tenacious grasp  
Your coloured brother sighing to be free—  
Do you not see the flaming sword of Heaven  
Suspended over your devoted land ?  
Wipe out the blot so foul that curses it,  
And peace and progress will again return.  
Torrents of blood have flowed to expiate  
The sin you long have cherished ; though mankind,  
In other regions, have renounced the crime.  
The world beholds your fearful tragedy  
As the just judgment of a righteous God,

And thus withholds from you its sympathy,  
In the fierce conflict of your citizens.  
O civil strife, most hideous form of war !  
Where friends and kindred meet as deadly foes,  
Alike unyielding in their mutual hate,  
And strew the field with heaps of weltering slain.  
Poor mangled, bleeding, agonising men,  
Mercy in deep emotion bends o'er them,  
And Pity weeps to see such bitter woe.  
Forced from their homes in an unholy strife,  
The victims of Oppression's cruel power,  
Which claims the monstrous right to shackle men,  
And flog them to their labour like a beast.  
Ah, evil day, when a dark stain was left  
Upon the charter of a people's rights,  
Which else was noble, virtuous, and free.  
An oligarchy, proud and insolent,  
Rose with the new acquired liberty,  
And ruled the state, in spirit dominant  
As that which crushed and manacled the slave.  
And now they call upon the Lord of Hosts,  
Whose sacred justice rules this nether sphere,  
To bless and prosper their unrighteous cause,  
And let their harsh injustice triumph still.  
May Heaven forgive such daring blasphemy !

The crimes of nations are avenged in Time.  
Man will be judged each for himself alone,  
But peoples suffer for their country's guilt.  
Witness the Jews, scattered and driven wide,  
Without a land to dwell in of their own.  
Then see the terror, carnage, and revolt ;  
The retribution for that demon plot,  
The cruel outrage of Bartholomew ;  
The pestilence and fire which quickly came  
To desolate our city profligate,  
Punish a tyrant and licentious court,  
Denying men the right to worship free ;  
Steeped, too, in luxury and wickedness.  
And in this judgment are we free from blame ?  
Have we not made a product, raised by force,  
One of the staples of our industry ;  
When Britain's vast domains, by labour free,  
Could give our mills what men are starving for ?  
Brave, suffering men, whose honest love of right  
Makes them with moral fortitude endure,  
Whilst pining Want stalks through their dreary homes.  
Come to the rescue, friends of Freedom, come !  
And drive gaunt Famine from the northern hearths,  
Till other regions can the need supply,  
Where no slave produce will a curse entail.

War, hateful theme ! the task shall ne'er be  
mine

To chant the triumphs and exalt the fame  
Won on the battle field by striving hosts  
Of madmen thirsting for each other's blood.

I sing the glories of the reign of Peace,  
When rivalries of amity and love  
Alone shall win the honest meed of praise.

Oh, happy age, when wars shall terminate,  
And bonds of peace and virtue hold mankind  
In one great union, lasting and secure.  
Where thorns and briars desolate the ground,  
The pine, the myrtle, and the box shall grow ;  
And flowers perennial spring in fadeless bloom ;  
Whilst arts of peace will everywhere convert  
Swords into ploughshares, spears to pruninghooks.

Man's ingenuity is taxed to find  
Some weapon more destructive than before,  
To sweep down legions at a single blow,  
And fill the world with carnage and with death.  
Satan his forces thus will concentrate,  
Until the advent of that dreadful day,  
When the great battle of the Lord shall come,  
And sure destruction overwhelm His foes.  
What moral force can cure this giant sin—

This rage for wholesale murder in our time ?  
All men unite—regenerate the world ?  
Commerce or Art, Reason, Philosophy ?  
Vain, empty dream—a sad delusion this.  
Go, preach the Gospel to unhappy man ;  
Its peaceful balm alone can heal the wounds  
Of poor humanity, and still the storm  
Of thundering cannon and of clashing arms,  
Which make the widow weep, the orphan wail,  
And bring rebellious mortals back to God.  
England ! thy mission is to spread its truths,  
And, as a witness, tell it to the world.

Oh, blessed truth ! Oh, heaven-restoring power !  
Proclaim its mercy where the curse is felt,  
Through the dark places of this fallen star,—  
Oh, spread its glorious soul-renewing light !

Signs of the Coming Day are gathering fast,  
But the Great Father of the universe  
The solemn moment can alone reveal.  
Stupendous secret ! Angels long to know,  
And, with their golden harps, to celebrate !  
The hour will strike, and, through the vault of  
heaven  
Resounding, wake again the holy dead,  
Who sleep in Christ until the rising morn.

Two waning powers fulfil the great decree,  
And prove the inspiration of that Book  
Whose page alone reveals our destiny.  
At the same time they rose to curse mankind—  
Moslem deception and apostate Rome.  
So as they came, together will they fall.  
Twelve centuries of tyranny and crime  
Have traced their history in lines of blood.  
The day of retribution is at hand,  
When they shall sink to rise no more at all !  
Great Babylon, with all her sorceries,  
Her lying wonders, pomp, and hate of truth,  
Allowed no more her victims to delude,  
Will meet her just, irrevocable doom.  
And when the Crescent shall have passed away,  
With all its savage lust and blasphemy,  
The land of promise will again recall  
Her wandering tribes from every region home,  
To tread the verdant plains of Palestine,  
And sing with joy upon her mountain slopes.  
Another Moses, fired with holy zeal,  
May lead his brethren to their heritage,  
With all their treasure, to enrich the land ;  
Rebuild her cities, and on Zion's hill  
A temple raise more glorious than before.

Placed on the summit of the ancient world,  
The central point for three great continents,  
What site so fit for universal rule ?  
From rocky Sinai to the distant sea,  
From the Orontes to Mount Lebanon,  
Crowned with the cedars of three thousand years,  
What land so fertile and so beautiful ?—  
The seat of empire for the Prince of Peace,  
Whose vast dominion Earth alone will bound.  
Let but the promised influence be given ;  
The Holy Spirit, lighting up the mind—  
A mighty, soul-reviving Pentecost—  
Hebrew and Gentile would alike believe,  
And a whole nation in a day be born.  
In things material how great the change !  
A silent revolution now impels.  
No longer moving on by slow degrees,  
Progress, impatient, strides with hasty step,  
And does the work of ages in a year.  
Knowledge, unfettered, hastens to and fro,  
And sheds her radiant light on all around.  
Man's genius boldly dares the adverse gale ;  
Steers through the storm, right onward to his port ;  
Flies like the wind upon the solid land ;  
Pencils his pictures with the solar ray,

And makes the lightning be his messenger !  
Far spent the night, all things portend the day :  
Six thousand years of sin, and woe, and death,  
Will soon fulfil their course of toil and guilt.  
Scoffers may sneer, and all things look the same  
As in the days that were before the flood ;  
The busy haunts of commerce teem with men ;  
Statesmen will scheme, and play their party game,  
And all the gay frivolities of life  
Riot unchecked. The bridegroom and the bride,  
As erst, go forth to plight the marriage vow ;  
Events the same diurnal round will take,  
But yet the promise is eternal truth,  
That He will come whose right it is to reign,  
And sudden glory burst upon the world !—  
Come with awakening blast of trumpet sound,  
Of power omnipotent, and dazzling light.  
Legions of angels will surround His throne,  
And all the saints who passed from earth to heaven.

The morning opens lovely and serene,  
And wakes to busy life a sleeping world.  
The day advances ; all is calm and clear ;  
When, lo, a sudden darkness veils the sun !  
The birds fly low and sharp, the cattle start—  
All Nature indicates a coming storm.

The lonely traveller stops upon his way ;  
Groups in the village gather with alarm ;  
Crowds in the city stand with strange dismay,  
Transfixed with wonder, and immovable.

See yonder brilliant ray which shines afar !  
The bright and morning Star illumines the sky.  
The Day Spring from on high resplendent beams  
From east to west, and floods the world with light.

In growing magnitude it onward comes !  
Angels roll back the azure curtain spread  
Between this sphere and all the blaze of heaven—  
The wonders which surround the eternal throne,  
The great white throne of purity and love ;  
Where Truth and Mercy, Righteousness and Peace,  
With holy Justice, and with Judgment blend.

But, hark ! a rising swell of harmony !  
Angelic music breaks upon the ear !

The high supernal throne appears in view,  
In splendour greater than a sevenfold sun !

A living cloud of countless witnesses  
Surround the glorious Prince of Righteousness.

And, lo ! the trumpet's thrilling, awful voice  
Awakes the dead ! In multitudes they rise  
From land and sea, and join the heavenly throng ;  
And, putting off the garb of mortal clay,

Saints leave the trembling earth to meet their Lord ;  
Changed in a moment—incorruptible !  
But who can paint the scene of black dismay,  
Unutterable woe and agony,  
Which in that day will overwhelm the lost,  
When the great rolling sea of molten heat  
Bursts forth from its internal caverns deep,  
And all the igneous air is liquid flame ?  
In the great conflict of that dreadful day,  
Earthquake, devouring fire, and crushing hail ;  
In the fierce tempest of Jehovah's wrath,  
Who shall be able in that storm to stand ?  
O awful doom of all ungodly men.  
No refuge near, where will the sinner fly  
To hide from the avenging hand of God  
The wrath of Him who sitteth on the Throne ?  
Hopeless perdition must await him then ;  
Darkness, despair, and bitter penitence ;  
No ray of mercy reach the outer gloom !

Another Eden, garden of the Lord,  
Where all is pure and holy, will arise ;  
No stormy wind, no desolating sea ;  
But calm and lovely Paradise restored ;  
Where that perennial tree of life will grow,  
Whose varied fruits and healing leaves bloom on

Unceasingly, fed by the vital stream  
Which ever flows from its primeval spring.  
Awake, O Zion, for thy light is come !  
Eternal city of the mighty King !  
The glory of the Lord on thee shall rise.  
Thy walls salvation shall be called ; thy gates  
Be praise, thy banners love and righteousness.  
O blissful day ! the Christian's hopes fulfilled ;  
Faith shall be turned to sight, and prayer to praise ;  
And all his tears for ever wiped away.  
Rivers of pleasure from the imperial fount,  
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath ever heard,  
And mortal intellect can never know,  
Will fill his soul with boundless pure delight.  
A handful then will as a forest grow ;  
The little one a thousand will become ;  
And a strong city shall the small one be.  
The mountains shall rejoice ; sing together  
All the waste places of Jerusalem.  
A righteous Prince in equity will reign,  
Subduing all things to His peaceful sway.  
The earth renewed and beautified will be  
With never-dying plants, and trees, and flowers ;  
And a new heaven of light upon it shine,  
Whose brightness will eclipse the fading sun,

And night be lost in bright enduring day !

Oh, haste thy reign—great Prince of glory, come !

Pause, fellow-pilgrim, ere we say adieu ;  
We fain would meet thee in the better land.

Dost thou rejoice in hope of the Great Day,  
And feel exultant at its near approach ?

If so, it will indeed be well with thee :  
The storms of life may beat upon thy head,  
The cup of earthly joy be dashed away ;  
Fear not—the time of recompense is nigh,  
When thou shalt bless the loving Father's hand  
Which led thee through the thorny wilderness,  
And brought thee safely to eternal rest,  
Where pain and sorrow will no more be known.

If on thy journey to an endless life,  
Thou art pursuing Error's fatal road ;  
Oh, stop, and think before you further go !  
Stay, while the day of grace is yet unspent,  
While mercy waits—the Saviour intercedes.  
He left His crown of glory—suffered, died,  
That you might have immortal life and joy.  
His blood alone can cleanse you from your guilt ;  
He will receive you—to the refuge fly !  
Then when you see Him in the clouds of Heaven,  
And every eye on that grand scene will look,  
You will rejoice, and hail the Coming Day.

WRITTEN UNDER THE AFFLICTION OF  
BLINDNESS.

Oh, for a ray from Heaven again,  
To light my darkened eye ;  
The power once more to gaze upon  
The blue and radiant sky.

The faces, too, of truthful friends  
I fain again would see ;  
Who, though in cold adversity,  
Have not forsaken me.

And as the rolling year comes on,  
'Twould be a joyous thing  
To ramble o'er the verdant mead,  
And cull the flowers of Spring.

Alas ! I cannot see them now,  
All dressed in robes so bright—  
Their pencilled forms and rainbow hues  
Of soft and coloured light.

But still their fragrance may arise,  
With sweetness more intense ;  
And, wafted on  $\mathbb{A}$ olian wing,  
Enchant my grateful sense.

And fancy's eye is never dimmed ;  
Up-springing from the sod,  
E'en now I trace their beauties o'er,  
And praise the love of God,  
  
Who gemmed the earth with things so fair,  
And who has given to me  
Imagination's power to soothe,  
Although I cannot see.  
  
I'll rest upon His mercy still,  
However dark my doom ;  
Some beams of hope may yet light up  
The very deepest gloom.

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## ON THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE,

1856.

PEACE ! let the heaven-born word resound,  
Throughout the length and breadth of earth,  
Wherever discord may be found,  
Or mortal passions can have birth.

Peace ! let the welcome echo fly  
O'er every mountain, every plain ;  
Ascend from earth the vaulted sky,  
And come in zephyrs back again.

Peace reigns among the spheres above,  
And swells the rapt angelic song ;  
Peace is a theme which seraphs love,  
And strike their golden harps upon.

No more let human strife prevail,  
To fill the world with woe and pain ;  
No more let history's dismal tale  
Of battle-field be heard again.

May Christian rulers all unite  
To civilise and bless the world ;  
And shed Religion's genial light  
Where'er their banners are unfurled !

Peace, like an angel, through the globe  
Her happy jubilee proclaim ;  
And clothe the nations with her robe  
Of love, without one angry stain.

Peace to the earth ! henceforth may all  
The families of man agree,  
And freedom soon the day instal  
Of universal liberty.

May Western tyrants loose the slave,  
And Eastern ones the mind set free ;  
May slaves at home that mercy have,  
Dictated by humanity !

May all the world such progress make  
As God intended for mankind ;  
Till despots everywhere shall quake,  
And bow before the march of mind !

Then will commence the sway of Peace,  
To spread her influence benign ;  
Till wide as roll the boundless seas,  
The Prince of Peace Himself shall reign.

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### THE WRECK.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL CHARTER, ON HER  
VOYAGE FROM MELBOURNE TO LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 26TH,  
1859. COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN TAYLOR.

A STATELY ship came o'er the sea,  
From a far distant land,  
Freighted with full five hundred souls,  
A gay and happy band.

Across the South Pacific wave,  
And o'er the Atlantic main,  
They safely steered, and joyous reached  
Their native isle again.

Through many years of anxious care,  
Five thousand leagues away,  
They laboured on with cheerful hearts,  
And worked from day to day.

Bright visions of their fatherland,  
And childhood's happy home,  
Lightened their toil ;—again returned,  
Their feet no more should roam.

And now with bosoms beating high,  
They saw old England's shore,  
And felt that all their hopes were crowned,  
And all their sorrows o'er.

The lightning flash had sent the news  
To friends and kindred dear ;  
And earnest groups were gathering round,  
To meet the loved ones near.

Ah ! here my faltering tongue would stay—  
What on that day befell,  
Of prospects blighted, ruined hopes,  
The tale how can I tell ?

A sudden tempest drove the bark  
On Cambria's iron coast,  
And there 'mid darkness, storm, and wreck,  
Her living freight was lost !

No rescue came, no hope was near ;  
Confusion and dismay  
Reigned 'mid the shrieks of piercing woe,  
On that ill-fated day.

A servant of the mighty God  
Who rules the raging sea,  
Gathered around him trembling souls,  
In low humility.

Thus as they prayed with solemn awe,  
Upon the bended knee,  
The crisis came,—and all were launched  
Into eternity !

A cry of dreadful agony,  
Which rent the quivering air,  
Ascended to the vault above  
In all its wild despair !

There fathers, mothers, children all,  
No mortal power could save ;  
Locked in each other's arms, went down,  
And found so deep a grave !

And lovers, in their last embrace,  
'Whelmed by that awful tide,  
Together linked, are peacefully  
Reposing side by side.

There gentle forms of beauty sunk  
Amid that awful gloom ;  
And manly hearts, that never quailed,  
But bravely met their doom.

One hero of a coloured race,  
In Christian land enslaved,  
Won for himself a deathless fame,  
So nobly he behaved.

Through foaming surf he bravely strove,  
With hawser in his hand ;  
A few, more daring than the rest,  
Thus struggled to the land.

To fireside groups, in time to come,  
The aged sire will say,  
How Redgeurs boldly dared that night  
His life in Molfra Bay.

But last upon the shattered hulk  
The gallant skipper stood,  
And cheered his crew with dying breath  
Till lost beneath the flood.

That fated ship had borne from far  
Treasure almost untold ;  
But one immortal soul was worth  
Far more than all the gold.

And bleeding hearts were left behind,  
In many a British home,  
Where mourners sadly weep for those  
Who never more will come !

When day revealed the fearful wreck,  
And the sad tale was known,  
It filled the land with sympathy,  
From cottage to the throne.

Ah ! many tears were shed that day,  
Salt as the briny sea ;  
And bosoms heaved like stormy waves,  
In helpless misery.

Fast by, in village church was laid,  
How many a lifeless form,  
Which pious hands had carried there,  
Away from wave and storm.

And so they ranged them side by side  
Within that sacred place ;  
Whilst broken-hearted kindred came  
To see each pallid face ;

Then, borne away with solemn rite,  
Consigned them to the earth,  
Consoled to know they slept beneath  
The soil that gave them birth.

Now, underneath the green-sward, dight  
With daisies bright and fair,  
Those who in vain had sighed for home,  
Are sleeping calmly there.

But many more remain entombed  
Low in their watery bed,  
And there will rest in peace until  
The sea gives up her dead.

No priest with prayer their relics blessed,  
No funeral knell was rung ;  
But winds and billows o'er their grave  
A mournful requiem sung.

Alas ! how fleeting and how frail  
All human plans appear ;  
The fairest hopes elude the grasp,  
All things are transient here.

The only port of peace and joy,  
To life's rough voyagers given,—  
The haven we may surely reach,  
The only rest, is heaven.

## THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

His triumphs are over—the warrior is gone !

Brave Havelock, the veteran, is dead ;  
So the bright sun goes down, when his duty is done,  
'Mid the radiance and splendour he shed.

He has passed to his rest—we deeply deplore him ;  
The whole nation mourns over his fate :  
Enshrined in the hearts of her sons who adore him,  
He will ever be ranked with the great.

Ah, little we thought, when his battles were o'er,  
And his prowess recorded in story,  
He would come to the land of his fathers no more,  
To receive the reward of his glory !

The heart of full many a Briton will wail  
At the loss of a soldier so brave,  
And bright eyes will weep at the saddening tale  
That the hero is laid in his grave.

He fought, and he vanquished the merciless foe,  
And conquered wherever he went ;  
He was armed with the weapon of Justice, to show  
The sure vengeance that Heaven had sent.

Though his body repose in a land far away,  
'Neath the rays of a tropical sun,  
His spirit for ever in Britain will stay,  
And incite to the deeds he has done.

And wherever the pages of history are read,  
Its lines will emblazon his name ;  
And the fields he has won, and the victories led,  
Be inscribed in the temple of Fame.

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### FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

FAREWELL to thee, Princess ; the pride of our land !  
The fair daughter of Albion's Queen ;  
The nation is moved at the gift of thy hand,  
With the memory of what thou hast been.

Eldest born of the Monarch, and nurtured with care,  
The first joy, and the hope of her heart ;  
Thou'l be followed by many a true, ardent prayer,  
When thou dost from our island depart.

May the radiance of Heaven illumine thy way,  
And the virtues instilled in thy mind  
Be thy strength and thy solace through every day,  
As pure thoughts to thy heart thou dost bind.

The hopes of thy country will go with thee, where  
Thou hast chosen thy future to be ;  
May the love and the blessing be felt by thee there,  
Which in Britain will rest upon thee.

May the chaplet which graces her Majesty's brow,  
As a Sovereign, a mother, a wife—  
And which sheds such bright lustre upon thy path  
now—  
Be the light and the guide of thy life.

And long mayest thou live to reflect back its beauty,  
From the throne of a neighbouring State ;  
And excite, by thy brilliant example to duty,  
All the wealthy, the noble, the great.

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### THE LATE DUCHESS OF KENT.

ILLUSTRIOUS Lady ! passed away  
To where the blessed go,  
The nation o'er thy memory mourns  
With no vain, pompous show ;  
But silent grief is deeply felt,  
Tears of true sorrow fall ;  
A gloom throughout the land is spread,  
A sad, funereal pall.

The mother of our model Queen  
Rests with the sleeping dead ;  
Her earthly pilgrimage is done,  
Her heavenly spirit fled.

The people share their Sovereign's woe,  
With true and loyal hearts ;  
And would the balm and solace yield,  
Which sympathy imparts.

Her wisdom trained the Princess born  
To reign in every zone ;  
And fitted her so well to grace  
Britain's Imperial Throne.  
A debt of gratitude they owe,  
Which words can never tell,  
To one who gave to Englishmen  
A Queen they love so well. /

Long may she reign, endeared to all  
Who own her righteous sway,  
In Eastern and in Western world,  
Through bright, unending day.  
And when at last, in time remote,  
She leaves this transient sphere,  
May she put off her diadem,  
Immortal gems to wear.

## THE NATIONAL SORROW.

“That they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.”—Rev. xiv. 13.

HEARD you the booming of that solemn bell,  
 At midnight borne upon the wailing wind ?  
 Twice hath its tongue proclaimed the country’s loss  
 Within the compass of a single year,  
 And filled our homes with sorrow and with gloom.  
 The spectre pale, whose mandate all obey,  
 Has passed through palace gates, and called away  
 Two victims, dear alike to Queen and State :  
 One who instilled into her youthful mind  
 The virtues which have since adorned a throne,  
 And swayed the sceptre o’er a nation’s heart ;  
 And he, the Royal Prince, beloved by all  
 Who heard the mention of his honoured name.  
 As some famed oak, the glory of the land,  
 In all its beauty and its towering strength,  
 By sudden flaming sword of Heaven struck down,  
 And prostrate laid—a spectacle more sad  
 Ne’er drew the tear from gentle Pity’s eye.  
 High-minded, gifted, most illustrious Prince,  
 Master alike of pencil and the lyre !  
 Who sought by social arts our country’s good,

And saw in science the Almighty hand  
Unveiling Nature's hidden laws to man.  
Friend of the poor ;—ah ! many tears were shed  
In cottage, as in mansion, at his fate.  
The sons of toil, at many a humble hearth,  
Long time to come, will oft recite his deeds.  
The world laments Albert's untimely loss,  
And fondly looks to that vast, wondrous hall  
His wisdom raised to foster skill and art,  
Unite each race in one great family—  
One common bond of human brotherhood—  
And fill the earth with concord and with peace.  
Glory far higher than the honour won,  
'Mid clash of arms and groans of agony,  
Where banners wave o'er fields of gore and death.  
His pathway here, a pure and radiant light,  
Throws back its beams upon our darkened land,  
And thus with mournful ray illumes our night.  
So wise, so unobtrusive, and so just,  
His worth, reflected from a virtuous life,  
Was but half seen before he passed away,  
Like a bright meteor, from this nether world,  
To shine, as do the stars, for evermore.  
He did not live a life of useless ease,  
But well fulfilled a noble destiny,

And reared a monument of lofty fame,  
That will outlive the sculptor's highest art,  
And give his name to long posterity.

Ah ! could we heal the royal mourner's wound,  
Give consolation to her aching heart,  
How would it mitigate the general woe !  
The people shed a sympathising tear,  
And claim a share of all her bitter grief.  
May princely sons still guard and counsel her,  
And daughters fair surround her with their love.  
Long may she live—God bless our widowed Queen !  
Beneath His sheltering wing o'ershadow her ;  
Comfort her soul in this her dark distress ;  
And when her glorious reign shall be complete,  
Waft her to those who wait to meet her, where  
Adieus and partings never will be known,  
And crown unfading light her seraph brow !

## THE CREATOR SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

“ O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all.”—Psa. civ. 24.

How great the wisdom of our God,

Who formed the vaulted sky,

And all things into being called

Beneath its canopy.

His power is seen around, above,

Far as the realm of light ;

His love beams out in Nature’s charms,

So beautiful and bright.

Forth from His mighty hand He rolled

The blazing Orb of Day ;

And He enthroned the Queen of Night,

With silver streaming ray.

He lighted up the radiant stars,

In all their dazzling train,

That spangle o’er, with diamond eyes,

The vast ethereal plain.

He reared the giant forest trees ;

He decked the earth with flowers,

And painted all the lovely hues

In this fair world of ours.

His thunder peals athwart the heaven ;  
His tempest sweeps the sky ;  
And His the still small voice that breathes  
When Zephyr whispers by.

The rolling waves intone His name,  
In music deep and strong ;  
The rippling rills their tribute raise,  
The mountain slopes among.  
The song of bird—the hum of bee,  
In every sylvan dell,  
Increase the fulness of His praise,  
The lofty anthem swell.

He gave to man the winged thoughts  
That from this region rise,  
And find no rest until they reach  
His home beyond the skies.  
And He will lead with gentle hand,  
And with a Father's care,  
The footsteps of His wayward child,  
And bring the wanderer there.

A TRIBUTE  
TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN LANDER,  
WHO (WITH HIS BROTHER RICHARD) DISCOVERED THE  
COURSE AND TERMINATION OF THE NIGER.

How strange the void left by the hand of Death !  
The ties of friendship and of love he breaks,  
And crushes all our best and fondest hopes ;  
Nor rank, nor age, nor virtue can escape  
His fatal and inevitable stroke.  
The old, the young, the coward, and the brave,  
The man of letters, and the untutored clown,  
Alike must yield when the stern spoiler comes—  
Merit claims nothing from his ruthless hand.  
And thou, my valued and my faithful friend,  
Whose kind and gentle nature all men loved,  
In manhood's prime and vigour called away,  
With all thy prospects fair, and brightening hopes !  
My lyre upon the willow long has hung,  
But deeper strains of woe its chords inspire,  
To chant, in solemn verse, thy requiem,  
Than e'er were struck upon its mournful strings.  
What though the trump of fame has sounded not,  
To tell the world thy hapless destiny,  
As when the great and noble of the earth

Sink 'midst their glory, to an early grave :  
Thou'l live in hearts that reverence thy name,  
Thy private virtues, and thy public worth,  
Though pompous marble may record them not.  
No more thy daring spirit will explore  
The unknown regions of the wilderness,  
Where Denham, Parke, and Clapperton had failed  
To find what better fortune gave to thee,  
And thy brave brother, on that sultry shore ;  
As when, o'er Afric's pestilential wastes  
A bold and noble enterprise was led,  
And the majestic stream of Niger traced,  
Through savage tribes, to the Atlantic wave.  
Thus was the problem solved of centuries ;  
And lasting honour will enshrine thy name.  
Son of the Muses ! ah, no more thou'l sing !  
Mute are thy notes of minstrelsy and song :  
Ay, ne'er again below thou'l strike the string,  
Whose swelling tones were all so sweet and strong ;  
But thou art gone into a brighter sphere,  
Where loftier themes, in high seraphic strain,  
Engage thy powers, so little heeded here,  
And wake the music of thy soul again !

## MARTYRS FOR TRUTH.

DESPOTIC power would fain enslave  
The free, immortal mind ;  
And struggles made for liberty  
Give heroes to mankind.  
Truth is enduring as the hills ;  
And, through the cloudy past,  
Like mountain peaks that point to Heaven,  
Its sacred pillars last.

A line of true and holy men,  
In early bygone age,  
Who were the witnesses for truth,  
Light up the inspired page ;  
Whilst later, Wycliffe, Jerome, Huss,  
With Luther, Cranmer, Knox,  
Stand forth, and all the martyr list  
In the bead roll of Fox.

The names of champions known to fame,  
By feats of arms and gore,  
Are fading, like their dust, away,  
And will be known no more.  
But those who stood, for conscience sake,  
The foremost in the strife,  
And fearless strove for Gospel truth,  
Regardless of their life,

Have passed along the stream of Time,

As age to age succeeds ;

And generations yet to come

Will triumph in their deeds.

A noble host of warriors they,

Who won the martyr's crown ;

A halo round their memory beams

Of glory and renown.

Two hundred years have passed away

Since a devoted band

Braved persecution and distress,

And made a righteous stand :

The names of Alleine, Baxter, Howe,

And hundreds, rise to view ;

More than two thousand victims marked

That dark Bartholomew.

A day well chosen for the act,

Stained crimson evermore,

Since Rome embrued her hands in blood

A century before.

That fiendish crime will always stand

Unrivalled and alone,

And future execrations swell

An ever deeper groan.

A dauntless spirit nerved the men  
Who left a cherished home,  
And all they had of worldly gain,  
Houseless and poor to roam ;  
The orchard, glebe, and garden fair,  
With all the social bliss  
Of rural ease—conjugal love,  
Parental happiness :

Abandoned every earthly good,  
To walk upright with God ;  
Though rugged was the road they took,  
The way was boldly trod.  
In secret now they still proclaimed  
The truths they taught before,  
Within those venerated fanes  
Where they could speak no more.

In forests deep and caverns wild,  
Where men would seldom go,  
They gathered—hunted from the towns—  
In winter's frost and snow ;  
And oft upon the midnight air,  
Beneath the starry sky,  
Voices of praise sent up their song,  
When none but God was nigh.

Fined and imprisoned—cruel hate  
Pursued them everywhere ;  
Freedom of worship all they craved—  
And Heaven has heard their prayer.  
Eternal truth no tyrant king  
Can fetter or destroy :  
Repressive acts ere long brought forth  
The rights we now enjoy.

Like angel-wings our sails have borne  
Christ's light to every shore ;  
And it is free through Britain's realm,  
To be restrained no more.  
Still onward may the Gospel go,  
Till all the human race  
Have heard its happy tidings told,  
And felt its saving grace.

Oh, haste the time when every sect  
Will mingle into one,  
And rivalries of love shall prove  
The Peaceful Reign begun.  
Come, glorious Saviour of the world—  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shine  
Upon that blessed day.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

“ And their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage.  
Exodus ii. 23.

STILL darker grows the raging storm  
Which clouds the Western sphere ;  
God’s judgments vibrate through the world,  
His angry frowns appear.  
Millions of men, by bondage crushed,  
Look up with tearful eye,  
And pray for justice from above ;  
In vain to man they cry.

Land where the Pilgrim Fathers went,  
Across the mighty sea ;  
From kindred and from native soil—  
Determined to be free ;  
Where Gospel truths of peace and love  
Are taught on every hand,  
And civil rights were boldly won  
By an undaunted band ;  
  
Star-spangled though your banner be,  
The stripes symbol your shame,  
And all the vaunt of liberty  
Will but profane the name,

Whilst toiling wretches groan and bleed  
Beneath the cruel thong,  
And weary, sleep, each day to wake  
To misery and wrong.

Genius of Freedom ! over-rule  
This devastating fight ;  
Drive from the earth her deepest curse,  
And now exalt the right  
Of men to common brotherhood,  
Whate'er their colour be ;  
Triumph in this unholy strife,  
O sacred Liberty !

Though dark the race in fetters bound,  
Blacker by far the guilt  
Of those who put the shackles on,  
And flog till blood be spilt.  
But He, who under Egypt's yoke,  
Heard Israel's mournful sigh,  
Is still the Sovereign over all,  
And heeds the captive's cry.

Jehovah reigns ! man's puny arm  
But works His righteous will !  
“Vengeance is Mine, I will repay”—  
His word He will fulfil.

The sword, the fire, the mutual hate,  
Are all Divinely sent ;  
And thus the tyrants' hands inflict  
Their own just punishment.

Oppression will not last for aye,  
And stain the earth with gore ;  
Nor will the suffering victim's voice,  
Unheard on High, implore :  
Bright gleams of clear and heavenly light  
Fortell the coming day ;  
Six thousand years of sin and woe  
Have nearly passed away.

The time will come—'tis drawing nigh—  
When, mind and body free,  
The families of Man will form  
But one fraternity.  
No despot shall enslave the will,  
No tyrant lash the limb ;  
But He shall reign Whose right it is,  
And all will bow to Him.

Islam imposture—Papal Rome,  
In one dark era rose ;  
Their course of falsehood and of fraud  
Will soon together close.

Nations will learn to war no more,  
Peace will all regions bless ;  
Soon may Thy sceptre rule the world,  
Great Prince of Righteousness !

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## SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

(WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE THREATENED INVASION.)

WHEN sturdy yeomen drew the bow,  
And every man could fight,  
They made their rash assailants know  
Their prowess and their might.  
That spirit glows as warmly now  
In every Briton's son ;  
Let foemen come, we'll show them how  
Our victories are won.

They'll find their welcome rather hot,  
If once within our rifle shot.

We foster every peaceful aim  
That can exalt a state,  
And care not for the gory fame,  
The fury and the hate

Of conscript hordes across the sea,  
Who strut, and fret, and fume ;  
Who envy us our liberty,  
Our commerce, and our loom.

They'll find their welcome rather hot,  
If once within our rifle shot.

But let them on our sacred shore  
Dare plant the hostile foot,  
Our rugged cliffs we'll drive them o'er,  
And every miscreant shoot.

The valour which at Cressy won—  
Prevailed at Agincourt,  
In Britons' veins will ever run,  
The British name support.

They'll find their welcome rather hot,  
If once within our rifle shot.

A million hearts with ardour burn  
To raise the stalwart arm,  
To front the foe, and never turn,  
Or shrink at war's alarm.

We'll fight for England's Queen and laws  
While life and strength remain,  
And Heaven will bless our noble cause  
On every battle plain.

They'll find their welcome rather hot,  
If once within our rifle shot.

## THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

How dearly I love thee, fair isle of the sea ;  
 My heart ever throbs with emotion for thee !  
 Thy fields and thy forests, thy brooks and thy  
 bowers,  
 Were the joy of my youth, in those bright sunny  
 hours.

Hurrah ! for the land I love dearest on earth ;  
 The region of valour, of beauty, and worth.

No manacle fastens the limbs of a slave,  
 Wherever the banner of Britain may wave ;  
 No despot can fetter or darken the mind,  
 But thought is as open and free as the wind.

Hurrah ! &c.

'Tis the land of my sires, where they struggled and  
 bled,  
 To enfranchise their sons by the blood which they  
 shed ;  
 And as long as the name of Britannia is known,  
 She will jealously guard the freedom they won.

Hurrah ! &c.

Her daughters are chaste, and surpassingly fair;  
There's no peril or foe her sons will not dare.  
Wherever my wandering footsteps may roam,  
There's no land like my country, no spot like my  
home.

Hurrah ! &c.

And long may her navy, by victory crowned,  
Be the Queen of the Ocean the wide world around,  
And the flag that floats o'er it, so proudly and free,  
The terror of tyrants for ever shall be.

Hurrah ! for the land I love dearest on earth ;  
The region of valour, of beauty and worth.

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### TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

PALE, modest flower, thy early bloom  
Gives promise of a sunny day,  
When Nature, now enwrapt in gloom,  
Shall clothe herself in bright array ;  
  
And once again, with generous hand,  
O'er smiling plains her mantle fling,  
To cheer and bless the teeming land  
With all the vernal joys of Spring.

When flowers of deeper, brighter hue,  
On mountain top, in lowly dell,  
Through the wide earth their beauties strew,  
Of their Creator's love to tell,

Thy gentle form in meekness dies—  
Thy task is done : to mortals given  
To whisper hope 'neath lowering skies,  
And point the doubting soul to Heaven.

Alas ! like thee—ah, evil hour !  
With life as frail and pure as thine,  
Torn from my breast—how sweet a flower,  
Which once I fondly felt was mine,

Lies withered there—beneath that mound ;  
Transplanted from the wilds below,  
To bloom on high in heavenly ground,  
Where brightest flowers perennial grow.

Ah ! little thought I time would come  
When, 'reft of one so dear to me,  
My heart should ponder here, alone,  
The record of her memory.

I'll plant a primrose on her grave—  
Blest flower of hope, and learn to feel  
The Hand the fearful stroke that gave,  
The broken spirit, too, can heal.

He giveth His beloved rest,  
Immortal joys her spirit fill ;  
And though she mingles with the blest,  
We feel her loving presence still.

A few more rolling years, at most,  
Will land us safely by her side,  
And give us back again the lost,  
For ever with us to abide.

A transient, fleeting life is this,  
Where all that's lovely must decay ;  
But there's a land of endless bliss,  
A bright and everlasting day,—

Where winter-storms can never come,  
Nor scorching heat, nor with'ring blight,  
In yon celestial spirit-home  
Of love, and purity, and light.

## SPRING.

COME, let us touch again the lyre,  
Which all the joys of Spring inspire ;  
Winter is gone, the chilling blast  
And devastating storms are past.  
The snow-crowned hill, the ice-bound plain,  
Put forth their teeming life again.  
Gay Flora now, with gentle hand,  
Bestrews her beauties through the land ;  
The blossoms spangle o'er the trees,  
And music floats on every breeze.  
Fearless of low'ring wintry skies,  
Yon little warbler upward flies,  
'Mid Heaven's own spheres, to sing his praise  
In something more than earthly lays ;  
Whilst here below, on every tree,  
Thousands pour forth their ecstasy.  
The running brooks take up the song,  
And bleating flocks the note prolong.  
Then let the minstrel's heart rejoice,  
And Poesy lift up her voice,  
To swell the universal hymn  
Of praise and gratitude to Him  
Who formed the glowing sapphire sky,  
And all that gladdens mortal eye.

What perfume floats upon the air,  
From opening petals everywhere !  
The pallid primrose, pure and sweet,  
And daisies crushed beneath the feet,  
Which stud the sward with sparkling light,  
Like stars of earth, so fair and bright,—  
The drooping lilies, early sent,  
As though to mourn with man in Lent.  
The pensive violet in the glade,  
Like modest beauty, loves the shade ;  
Whilst blue bells fringe the limpid brook,  
As if upon themselves to look.  
Forget-me-not, with soft, blue eye,  
Bright pimpernel of scarlet dye ;  
Sweet hawthorn, dressed in virgin white,  
On every hedgerow greet the sight ;  
But most of all the beauty seen  
Is Nature's robe of living green ;  
So fresh, so verdant, and so fair,  
A hand Supreme evoked it there,  
From life's deep spring of secret power,  
Is wisdom placed in tree and flower.  
Ah ! were not sin abiding here,  
How blest this region would appear ;  
No angry strife, no jealous hate,  
No war to blast and desolate ;

No cankering care, no aching heart,  
And friends who only meet to part.  
E'en now, so lovely is the scene,  
Methinks the difference between  
This state and that which is to come,  
The Christian's hope, his blessed home,—  
The Paradise of joy above,  
Where angels dwell in peace and love—  
Is but the undying beauty there,  
Of all that's holy, all that's fair,  
And Spring eternal holds her sway  
Through one bright, endless, happy day.

## SONG TO MAY.

A song to the Spring ! 'tis a joyous thing  
To welcome again, on her vernal wing,  
The blooming month of May !  
We'll hie again to the leafy bowers,  
And cull once more the sun-lit flowers  
Along the grassy way. ,

Old Winter has fled—his frosty bed  
No longer lies cold, and sere, and dead,  
In the glowing month of May , .

But the teeming bosom of mother Earth,  
To the bright, the gay, the fair gives birth  
To the blossom-scented spray. /

By the crystal streams and shady trees,  
Fanned by the fragrant, balmy breeze,  
We'll saunter far away:  
We'll leave the cares of the world behind,  
And seek relief for the weary mind  
In Nature's roundelay ! !

Oh, touch the string to the welcome Spring,  
And let the heart of the minstrel sing,  
In the jocund month of May.  
We'll gaily tread on the green sward bright,  
And wander forth in the starry night,  
When softly fades the day. /

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### SUMMER FLOWERS.

WHY were they formed, all gracefully  
Arrayed in hues so fair ;  
O'erspreading earth with peerless charms,  
And perfuming the air ?

Springing on every mountain side,  
In every shady dell,  
In desert wild, and forest gloom,  
Where man may never dwell.

Why were they formed ? His wants would be  
Supplied without their aid ;  
His life sustained, his strength renewed,  
If flowers were never made.

To tell us of that region fair  
Where our first parents dwelt,  
Ere sin or sorrow blighted it,  
Or touch of Death was felt !

To cheer the mortal pilgrim on,  
Weary with care and strife,  
And show us by their radiant light  
There is a better life !

A Sabbath of eternal rest,  
Beyond the bright blue sky,  
Where bowers of bliss for ever bloom,  
And flowers will never die !

To fill the heart with tenderness,  
Such lovely things were given ;  
And lead the soul to contemplate  
The endless joys of Heaven !

## AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS.

PENSIVE Autumn, on thy brow  
Floral chaplets fade away ;  
Weave we russet garlands now,  
Anxious to prolong thy stay.

All things bid thee sad farewell :  
Mournful tones are in the breeze ;  
Falling leaves their moral tell ;  
Voices sigh among the trees.

Swallows, gathering on the wing,  
Pilgrim strangers, flee away ;  
Birds of song have ceased to sing,  
On the green and blithesome spray ;

Save the robin, minstrel sweet,  
Warbling purest notes of love ;  
Which the ear with music greet,  
E'en though sadness wraps the grove.

Tints of brown and crimson warm,  
Clothing every woodland height,  
Swept by coming Winter storm,  
Will not long enchant the sight.

Flowers of beauty, too, have fled—  
Modest lily, tulip proud ;  
In her drear and icy bed  
Nature soon will all enshroud.

What a lesson this should teach,  
Lovely fading things around ;  
More than human tongue can preach,  
Warning, as with solemn sound.

'Tis the Autumn of the world,  
Earth herself is waning fast ;  
And that bolt may soon be hurled,  
Which will be the dread—the last !

Brighter visions fill the soul,  
Mortal eye can never see ;  
Change no longer will control—  
All immortal there will be.

When this state has passed away,  
Paradise will be restored ;  
Angel lips alone can say  
All the bliss it will afford.

Death will then no longer reign ;  
Beauty will not know decay ;  
Lost ones we shall meet again,  
In that bright perennial day.

## WINTER.

WINTER is coming, Winter is near ;  
List to the sounds we fitfully hear,  
In hoarse, deep moans, of the gusty breeze,  
As it whirls aloft in the leafless trees.  
Where now are the charming songsters gone ?  
To a region fair, a warmer zone—  
Where Summer has fled, to greet her there,  
With the joyous notes they warbled here ?  
Where are the bright, the beautiful flowers,  
The cowslip fields, and the shady bowers ?  
Old Winter, wrapt in his mantle drear,  
With a wrinkled brow, and a look austere,  
Has driven all from the land away,  
To reign and rule with his iron sway ;  
To pinch the poor with his fingers cold,  
And try the strength of the weak and old ;  
To bind the soil with his icy seal ;  
The running river and pond congeal ;  
To hurry the tread of tardy feet,  
Till the cheek looks red with health and heat ;  
To drive the skater, in line and curve,  
On the frozen way ; to brace the nerve ;  
And clothe the earth with a garment white,  
Like a sinless orb in robes of light.

There's joy round the hearth where the loved ones  
    meet,  
By the fireside, safe from hail and sleet ;  
Where the winter nights are passed away,  
With the useful book, and the pleasing lay ;  
And hearts are warm, as the glowing light,  
Reflected back from the faces bright.  
If the grateful mind would now bestow  
On the sick and poor, in their pain and woe,  
The comfort and care their wants require,  
All would be glad by the winter fire.

---

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GATHER round the glowing hearth  
    With a gladsome, sunny face ;  
Swell the ringing sounds of mirth  
    In the old familiar place.

Once again, at close of year,  
    Let the kindred group be found,  
Where the smiles of joy appear,  
    And the kiss of love goes round.

Struggling on our weary way,  
Through the din of mortal strife ;  
Fighting hard from day to day,  
In the battle field of life—

Oh ! what pleasure now to come,  
From all regions near and wide,  
To our cherished, early home,  
At this festive Christmas-tide ;

And the friends once more to meet,  
Seated round the cheering blaze,  
Whom we used of yore to greet  
In our childhood's blithesome days !

Vacant seats, alas ! appear  
Where some loved ones, bright and gay,  
Joined the happy circle here  
On that well-remembered day.

Close union let us show  
Till life's pilgrimage is o'er,  
Hoping then again to know  
All the lost ones gone before.

In this time of love and joy,  
Don't forget the suffering poor ;  
But your talent well employ—  
Feed the hungry at your door—

Clothe the naked, soothe the sad,  
Scatter blessings everywhere—  
Make the mourning spirit glad,  
Every child of sorrow cheer.

Now "goodwill and peace to men"  
Be the burden of our song ;  
And the anthem o'er again  
Through the coming year prolong.

---

## THE EVER-GREEN OLD HOLLY TREE.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

I LOVE the green old Holly Tree,  
With its berries red and bright ;  
For it brings the memory back to me  
Of many a festive night.  
Again we'll cluster round the hearth,  
And songs of welcome sing,

With jest, and tale, and loud wassail,  
Till we make the welkin ring ;  
And the burden of our song shall be  
The ever-green old Holly Tree! ✓

Its branches shining on the wall,  
With mistletoe entwined,  
Our happy youthful days recall,  
Like visions of the mind ;  
And as we sit the Yule log round,  
And pass the flowing bowl,  
So fresh and green our hearts will seem,  
While friendship fills the soul.  
The ever verdant Holly Tree,  
With its berries red and bright for me ! ✓

Our fathers, in the days of yore—  
The good old times gone by—  
Made Christmas joyous to the poor,  
And cheered the weeping eye.  
We'll seek to emulate their fame  
Through all the country round,  
And misery's cry to satisfy  
Wherever want is found.

'The ever-green old Holly Tree  
A sign of joy to all shall be ! ✓

Still closer let our hearts be bound  
Throughout the coming year ;  
And when that, too, has passed around,  
Our greater love appear,  
As then again we gladly meet,  
With gaiety and mirth,  
To take our place, with warm embrace,  
Beside the cheerful hearth ;  
Singing once more right merrily,  
“ Hurrah ! for the green old Holly Tree ! ”

## INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep, I woo thee now ;  
Oh, spread thy mantle o'er my brow,  
And close my eyes in peaceful rest,  
Like infant on its mother's breast.

I've watched through many a weary hour,  
Waiting to feel thy soothing power ;  
Oh, come once more, and with me stay,  
To pass the gloomy night away.

Now softly o'er my senses steal,  
Let me thy genial influence feel,  
To bear my thoughts, on downy wings,  
From this dull state to brighter things.

Oh, let my fancy rove on high,  
And reach the palace of the sky !  
Its bowers perennial blooming fair,  
And all the radiant glories there.

In mystic vision let me stray  
Far from this mortal life away,  
To where the happy spirits dwell  
Of those we loved on earth so well.

On yonder shore, in converse sweet,  
The cherished lost ones I would meet,  
Whose memory with me will remain  
Until I reach them there again.

Dreams, happy dreams ! I fain would keep  
Thy spell upon me, balmy sleep ;  
Nor let the morning light restore  
This world of turmoil evermore.

---

### WHO IS MY FRIEND ?

Who is my friend ? who may deserve  
A name so prized and dear,

Of all the troop who joyously  
Partook my welcome cheer,  
In days when warmly shone on me  
The sun of bright prosperity ?

Who is my friend ? Alas ! how few  
Would answer to the call  
When gathering clouds are hovering near,  
And showers of sorrow fall—  
When all around is cold and drear,  
And nought the fainting heart can cheer.

Who is my friend ? It is not he,  
With sad and rueful face,  
Who looks upon my misery,  
And then forsakes the place,  
Leaving behind his sympathy  
To show how much he pities me !

He is my friend who bravely comes  
Close by my side to stay ;  
To guide me o'er the stormy sea,  
And chase my grief away.  
He is my friend who stands by me  
In time of dark adversity.

## QUADRANT GROVE,

HAVERSTOCK PARK.

THIS spot was chosen by the builder,  
The heads of strangers to bewilder ;  
So said my friend ; and I agree  
With him, in its perplexity.

A quadrant 'tis, without a curve,  
So any other name will serve  
The case as well. 'Tis said to be  
A grove, forsooth, without a tree.

And then, again, a " park " 'tis called ;  
Just such a park as *Punch* extolled  
Old Smithfield, when, with wicked glee,  
He spoke of its salubrity ;

And showed, in pictures quaint and rare,  
How much the cits enjoyed its air,  
And took their children out to stray  
About, upon a market-day.

With that old haunt of dirt and mire,  
This place will rank perhaps somewhat higher ;  
You stick in mud where'er you go,  
Till plastered well from top to toe.

## MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

How sweet, at close of summer day,  
Beneath the shade of whispering leaves,  
To muse the evening hour away  
In dreams of happy memories !

To meditate on days gone by,  
When those we fondly loved were near ;  
And thought not then that they could die,  
And leave us lone and weeping here !

How fair the visions of our youth—  
A blue, unclouded, sun-lit sky—  
Before we knew the future truth  
Which made our hopes all prostrate lie !

Life then was like a glittering sea,  
Without a wave to break its rest ;  
And we voyaged on, so buoyantly,  
Upon its clear and placid breast.

Ah, halcyon days, for ever flown !  
Mere fleeting phantoms of the past,  
Ye've left the bleeding heart alone,  
To mourn o'er joys too bright to last.

'Tis thus our human hopes decay,  
And tenderest ties are often riven,  
To lead the mind from earth away,  
To look for lasting bliss in Heaven.

---

## THE DAWN OF MORN—A GLEE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MUSIC OF HERR KERBUCH.)

O'ER eastern hills the rosy light  
Breaks softly through the gloom of night ;  
And, shining on to radiant day,  
Makes all the joyful world look gay.  
Sweet maiden, from thy peaceful rest,  
Where beauty sleeps with spotless breast,  
The warbling minstrels of the grove  
Bid thee awake with songs of love.

Arise, Arise !

Come forth, and hail the glowing morn !  
A day to life again is born.

All Nature smiles when night is gone,  
And music greets the welcome dawn :  
List to the echoes of her voice—  
The woods, the hills, the brooks rejoice ;

The bleating flocks, from vales below,  
Up to the breezy mountains go ;  
The lowing herds spread o'er the plain,  
And all is life and joy again.

Arise, Arise !

Come forth, and hail the glowing morn !  
A day to life again is born.

---

### A FRAGMENT.

I'VE wandered far away from thee,  
And, reckless, joined "the giddy throng,"  
In the mad hour of revelry,  
Of boist'rous mirth and jocund song ;  
Where Pleasure's votaries have been,  
At Passion's shrine, or Beauty's throne.  
I've mingled, too, 'mid festive scene,  
And glittering pomp have gazed upon ;  
But o'er my spirit there's a spell,  
Which darkens all that's bright and fair ;  
Ah, none save those who feel can tell  
The cankering worm that settles there,  
When heartfelt love of all is reft,  
That made the pulse of life beat high ;  
When years have passed, and, withering, left  
The early hope of youth to die.

## TO A DEPARTED WIFE.

WHERE art thou gone ? I look in vain for thee,  
 And I am left alone, to wander on  
 Through this drear world, which now is dark to me  
 Oh, could'st thou answer—whither art thou gone ?

I cannot view thy calm, thy heavenly brow,  
 Which told of hopes that rest above the sky ;  
 I cannot gaze with silent rapture now  
 Upon thy darkly bright and speaking eye.

Where art thou gone ? Methinks I hear thee tell  
 That thou hast landed safe on that bright shore  
 Where the rude tempest howls not, and the swell  
 Of life's rough surge shall beat thy bark no more.

Too pure for earth—just like a lovely flower  
 Removed to some more genial, sunny clime ;  
 Ay, thou'rt transplanted to yon heavenly bower,  
 Beyond the chilling, withering blasts of time.

To fairer realms and brighter skies thou'rt fled,  
 Where care nor sorrow, pain nor death, can come ;  
 And though we mourn thy lovely relics dead,  
 We hail thy spirit in its happy home !

Oh, by thy side my longing soul would be,  
To breathe the same inspiring, holy air ;  
But the blest thought, thou'st not forgotten me,  
Shall soothe my anguish till I reach thee there.

---

## TO ANNE, IN HEAVEN.

THOU art gone to the land of the blest,  
Oh, let us not vainly weep o'er thee !  
For thine heavenly spirit's at rest,  
Then why should we sadly deplore thee ?

Thou wert fair, thou wert beautiful here—  
Thou wert formed to be loved and to love ;  
But oh, how beatified there,  
In the glorified mansions above !

Far too chaste and too fragile for earth,  
For so stormy a desert as this ;  
Thy purity, beauty, and worth,  
Were fit only for regions of bliss.

The cold blasts of life have passed o'er thee,  
But its wintery tempests are gone ;  
And a summer of joy is before thee,  
Which through ages will ever shine on.

Oh, who would not sigh to be near thee,  
In a realm so surpassingly fair ?  
The prospect will solace and cheer me,  
While my spirit is lingering here.

---

## TO THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD.

O GENTLE spirit ! wing thy way  
To the glorious realms of bliss ;  
We would scarce prolong thy stay  
In a world so cold as this.

No longer can a mother's care  
Guide thy feet in wisdom's way,  
And hear thee lisp the simple prayer  
Which thy infant tongue could say.

Called, alas ! so soon to leave thee—  
In the better land above  
She is waiting to receive thee,  
With her angel-arms of love.

Child and mother now united,  
On yon peaceful, happy shore,  
With the consciousness delighted  
That ye meet to part no more—

Join the loud chorus of the sky—  
“ Glory to the Father’s love ;  
And to the Son,” the ransomed cry,  
“ With the Spirit, heavenly Dove !”

There walk the shining paths along—  
All the wondrous glories see ;  
And tune your harps to swell the song  
Of seraphic minstrelsy !

When life’s rough pilgrimage is o’er,  
Crossed the troubled stormy main,  
Then shall I mourn thy loss no more,  
Clasp thee in my arms again.

---

## TO A LADY GOING TO INDIA.

WRITTEN FOR A SWISS FRIEND.

ADIEU, dear lady ; o’er the sea  
My fervent prayer will follow thee ;  
And though we ne’er again may meet,  
Thy memory will be ever sweet.

I’ll ne’er forget thy gentle mind,  
So good, so placid, and so kind ;  
May halcyon billows bear thee on,  
And favouring breezes waft along,

Till thou shalt reach that distant land,  
And anchor safely on its strand,  
Where one to whom thy vows were given  
Shall meet thee in the wished-for haven.

When I have sought my mountain home,  
And future years have come and gone,  
My thoughts will often turn to thee,  
And thou, perchance, wilt think of me.

And if on earth we meet no more,  
I'll hope upon a happier shore,  
Where parting cannot give us pain,  
To welcome thee with joy again.

---

#### IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER.

WHEN those whose friendship in the vale of life  
Illumed the darksome way with sunny beams,  
Have gone from Earth, and left the mourner here  
To weep alone, the heart is desolate :  
Life loses half the charm worth living for,  
And clouds obscure all that was bright before.  
But who can tell the hapless orphan's loss ?—

Early bereft of a fond mother's care,  
Whose watchful eye protected childhood's days ;  
Who, when the nightly couch was spread, would bow  
The infant knee, and teach the falt'ring tongue  
To lisp its Maker's praise ; who oft would weep  
At thought of the ensnaring, devious road  
Her child must tread throughout his pilgrimage ;  
And when the shadows of eternity  
Were present to her view, with holy zeal  
Besought protection from on High to guard  
Her orphan boy, when nobler themes employed  
Her tongue amid the seraphs that surround  
The throne, and chant the praises of their God.  
And He did hear her faint, but fervent prayer ;  
Oh, yes, in all the chequered walks of life,  
Amid the numerous ills that haunt the way,  
His everlasting arms have borne him up !  
Years have flown on, and dire vicissitudes  
Have impressed care upon his thoughtful brow,  
And he has mingled with the young and gay,  
Drank draughts of pleasure at her fountain head ;  
But can he ere forget that mother's prayer ?  
Ah, no, he hears it still ! time ne'er can dim  
The echo of her voice ; e'en now her tear  
Bedews his cheek ; her word admonishes ;

Her finger points to the cclestial home,  
And shows the narrow path that leads to it.  
And till he, too, has passed the final hour,  
While time shall last, her precepts will remain  
Impressed upon his memory—pilot him  
O'er the rough billows of life's troubled sea,  
And be his guide, his comfort, and his hope.

---

### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A GOLDFINCH.

COMPANION of a dozen years,  
Through many a changing scene—  
Of hopes and fears, of smiles and tears,  
Thy little life has been.

The hand that gently tended thee  
Lies 'neath a grassy mound ;  
The voice that cheered thee into song  
Has hushed its dulcet sound.

Companion of my lonely hours,  
Who warbled of the past ;  
Thy simple music, too, must end,  
As if too sweet to last.

How frail, how fleeting, yet how fair,  
The beauteous things of Earth ;  
All that we love and cherish here,  
How great soe'er their worth.

The forms of beauty, love, and truth,  
Are but to mortals given,  
To elevate the mind of man  
And fit the soul for heaven ;

Where strains of music ever flow,  
On yonder sun-lit shore ;  
And those we loved and lost below  
Shall never leave us more.

---

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

“ But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonour’d falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.”—BYRON.

FAREWELL, my fond and faithful friend ;  
If ever mortal knew  
An honest, true, unselfish heart,  
It surely throbbed in you.

The first to welcome my return  
At close of weary day,  
And last to linger in the morn,  
And watch me far away.

Thy well-known voice oft greeted me  
With joyous, wild salute,  
And showed what deep affection could  
Be cherished by a brute.

Companion of my country walk,  
To breathe the purer air,  
I never felt its loneliness  
When thou went bounding there.

And when affliction's stern command  
Forbade my feet to rove,  
'Twas thy chief care to watch o'er me,  
And show thy changeless love.

I've lost, in days of dark distress,  
How many a faithless friend !  
But thou wert ever by my side,  
And loved me to the end.

'Tis sad to think thou'rt in thy grave,  
For ever gone from me ;  
And that so much intelligence  
Can ever cease to be.

But when I take my daily ride,  
Alone in wheeling chair,  
I'll think of all thy faithfulness,  
And fancy still thou'rt there.

And while my memory holds her seat,  
I'll ne'er forget thy name,  
My steadfast, firm, and trusty friend,  
Who ever wert the same.

---

## PASSING AWAY.

FADING, as the evening light,  
Into dark and silent night,  
All things mortal seem to say,  
We are passing fast away.

Flowers that deck the gay parterre,  
Forms of beauty everywhere,  
Bloom, alas ! but to decay,  
As they pass from us away.

Minstrels, who pour forth their song  
All the forest trees among,  
Soon will cease their tuneful lay,  
And in sadness pass away.

Angel faces, beaming love,  
As if seraphs from above,  
Like the blossoms born in May,  
All are passing fast away.

But in fairer realms on high,  
Those we loved will never die ;  
Nothing beautiful decay,  
Never, never pass away.

---

### HYMN.

WHEN shall I reach my home above,  
And cease from earthly toil and care,  
To see my Saviour God, and love,  
And praise, and serve Him ever there ?

My weary soul would take her way  
To realms of peace and heavenly light,  
Where there is one eternal day—  
No lowering cloud, no gloomy night.

All that is fair must fade away,  
All we love here must early die ;  
But flowers that never know decay  
Bloom ever sweet in yonder sky.

And friends, whose loss we weep for here,  
Will meet us at the pearly gate,  
And lead us to the fountains where  
The purest joys for pilgrims wait.

Through paths of glory, bowers of bliss,  
Bright angels' feet have only trod ;  
What new and boundless happiness  
Must fill the soul that dwells with God !

O thrilling thought ! O wondrous hour !  
When I shall gain that lovely shore,  
And join, with full seraphic power,  
Celestial anthems evermore !

---

"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A  
REST."

OH could I rest in calm repose,  
As some sweet flowers at evening close,  
And sleep, withdrawn from glaring light,  
Throughout the calm and holy night !

I long for rest ; my throbbing heart  
Would from these earthly cares depart ;  
My soul put off her robe of clay,  
And upward wing her heavenly way.

I long for rest ; it soon will come,  
When I shall reach my blessed home,  
Where weary mortals peace will find  
For every sorrow of the mind.

I long for rest ; no tears are there,  
No aching heart, no sad despair ;  
No mortal pain, no hateful sin,  
In that bright world can enter in.

I long for rest ; my soul doth faint  
For that which language cannot paint—  
A state of pure and holy bliss,  
Of perfect love and righteousness.

Oh, come, sweet rest ! I long for thee,  
When I my Saviour's face shall see ;  
And loud hosannahs to Him raise  
Who well deserves immortal praise.

## THE JOY TO COME.

THERE's sadness in the peal of mirth ;

It echoes from the song,

And mingles with the joys of earth,

The gayest scenes among.

Who has not felt, when all around

Looks bright, and pure, and fair,

That sorrow tills the teeming ground,

And lingers everywhere ?

All forms of beauty fade and die—

For ever pass away ;

Clouds may obscure the clearest sky,

And mar the fairest day.

And in a lone, mysterious voice

Of wailing to the mind,

When oft the spirit would rejoice,

We hear the moaning wind.

If happy strains salute the noon,

And greet the waking day,

Sweet Philomel, beneath the moon,

Pours forth her plaintive lay.

What mournful sounds oft steal along

Through all the forest trees,

When, echoing with choral song,

They whisper to the breeze !

The Summer beauties wither all,

And, from their parents' arms,

The lovely leaves of Autumn fall,

At Winter's stern alarms.

Ah ! whither can the soul find rest ?

This cannot be our home ;

'Tis in the regions of the blest—

Our joys are yet to come.

### ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

GONE from this world—his hallowed work all done ;

His ministry, with all its triumphs, o'er ;

His song of praise in glory now begun,

To swell with rapture ever more and more.

Many a tear of sadness will be shed,

Many a bosom heave the mournful sigh ;

But though his spirit from this earth hath fled,

His labours live in grateful memory.

Illustrious champion of the sacred cross !

His fame is known throughout the Christian world ;

Thousands will grieve at his untimely loss,

Where'er the Saviour's banner is unfurled.

No more his Heaven-born thoughts enchant the ear,

And fill the mind with holy love and joy ;

The music of his voice is silent here,

But higher themes its thrilling tones employ.

Soon may we join with him the happy throng,

On yonder peaceful and seraphic shore ;

Celestial anthems, too, engage our tongue,

Nor death nor sorrow ever touch us more.

Servant of God, thy crown of victory won,

How could we wish thee back with us again ?

No more cold wintry blast, or heat of sun,

Or sin, or woe, will ever give thee pain.

Beyond the reach of every mortal ill,

Safe in the regions of eternal bliss,

What wondrous scenes thine ardent soul must fill !

What lofty strains ! what boundless happiness !

## TO A YOUTH GOING TO SEA.

FAREWELL, my son ; a sad farewell !

The time has come when we must part,  
And I should vainly strive to tell  
The pain that wrings my aching heart.

Far from the home and scenes of youth,

A voyager on the boundless sea,  
Oh, let thy guiding star, be Truth,  
And all will still be well with thee.

A Father reigns in heaven above,

Whose children are His constant care ;  
Seek Him, my boy, with filial love,  
In frequent and in earnest prayer ;

And He will keep thee on thy way,

And bring thee to thy home again ;  
His guardian angel, day by day,  
Will watch thee on the treacherous main.

Whate'er may be thy future lot,

On land, or sea, where'er thou art,  
Oh, let this truth be ne'er forgot,  
But closely bind it to thy heart,

That God will bless and prosper all  
Who seek His holy will to do,  
Who night and morn upon Him call,  
And virtue's sacred path pursue.

---

## THE SEA.

THE Sea, the grand, majestic Sea !  
Upon its lonely shore  
I love to wander thoughtfully,  
And hear the billows roar :  
Their solemn music sounds to me  
Like voices from Eternity.

An emblem of that boundless state,  
Unfathomable Sea !  
No mortal power can relate  
The awful mystery ;  
But tones of vast Infinity,  
In thy strange murmurs come to me.

O mighty Sea ! what treasures lie  
Down in thy caverns deep ;  
What myriads breathed their latest sigh,  
Upon thy bed to sleep,

Till the awakening Angel stand  
One foot on thee, and one on land !

Life's fragile bark, on billows tossed,  
Which threaten to o'erwhelm,  
In storm and darkness would be lost—  
No pilot at the helm—  
If a sure chart had not been given,  
And guiding star that lights to Heaven.

Borne by Time's rapid stream away,  
To the Great Ocean driven,  
We onward sail, from day to day,  
As strength and faith are given,  
To reach that bright and tranquil shore,  
Where waves will dash and surge no more.

---

### TO CHARLIE, IN AUSTRALIA.

WE thought of thee, my dearest boy,  
Upon thy natal day ;  
And with emotion sighed to know  
Thou wert so far away.

We talked of thee, and wondered what  
Thy thoughts of home might be ;

And how thy fleeting hours are spent,  
So far beyond the sea.

We pledged thee with a loving heart,  
And hoped the time would come  
When we should have thee back again,  
Once more within thy home.

We prayed for thee, that God might bless  
And keep thee day by day ;  
Might lead thee with His gracious hand,  
In Wisdom's perfect way ;

Might guide thee all the journey through ;  
And when this life has passed,  
The circle might be formed again,  
To meet in heaven at last.

I often see thee in my sleep—  
Blest visions of the night,  
And weep to find it but a dream,  
Dispelled by morning light.

And that sad eve comes back again,  
When thrice you came to say  
The bitter word “Farewell” to me,  
And tear yourself away.  
I pressed thee to my breaking heart,  
With all a father's love ;

And prayed a blessing might descend  
Upon thee from above.

Pursue, my son, the heavenly path ;  
Then God will smile on thee :  
No matter where thy lot be cast,  
My prayer will answered be.  
And I will look for that bright day,  
When, o'er the mighty main,  
Some trusty ship will bring thee back,  
And we shall meet again.

---

### THE PASSING YEAR.

THE Old Year now is dying !  
Softly whisper, lightly tread ;  
Low, plaintive winds are sighing  
Dirges round his drooping head.  
Fare thee well, departing year ;  
Sound the passing bell of Time ;  
Bow the knee in humble prayer,  
As we hear the midnight chime.  
Hark ! it strikes—the year has fled !  
Gathered to the ages gone ;  
Numbered now amongst the dead,  
Which we sadly look upon.

Winter, weave your winding-sheet,  
Pure and holy, snowy white ;  
Shroud him, we no more shall meet—  
Gone for ever from our sight.

Some we loved have left our coast,  
And have crossed the swelling tide ;  
One who was the nation's boast—  
England wept when ALBERT died !

Virtues such as few men have  
Gemmed his royal coronet ;  
And, with lustre on his grave,  
Shine, although his sun has set.

Bright, yet mournful, as the moon  
Gleams on ruined tower and tree,  
Lighting up Night's solemn noon,  
Will his hallowed memory be.

May the stricken widow know  
Solace Heaven alone can give ;  
To assuage her poignant woe,  
And her gentle heart relieve.

Ah ! how many friends have past  
Evermore from Earth away ;  
Since we met together last,  
On the eve of New-year's Day.

Promises we made are broken,  
Opportunities are lost ;  
Angry words, in haste though spoken,  
Bitter anguish, too, have cost.

Let the past a moral teach us,  
Years are speeding swiftly on ;  
And before another reach us,  
Life and hope may both be gone.

Earnest men, be up and doing !  
Seize the moments as they fly ;  
And the end of life pursuing,  
Fill its purpose ere you die !





*Second Edition, Revised, with Additions, Cloth Gilt, price 3s. 6d.,*

# THE COMING DAY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

HENRY JOHN DOOGOOD.

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THE Author, who was for upwards of twenty years engaged in literary pursuits, in connection with the public press, and active in enterprises for the promotion of knowledge, was suddenly struck down by an accident, in May, 1854, in the meridian of life, and with the fairest hopes in prospect; which calamity cut off his resources, and resulted in the loss of sight and paralysis. He has sought to beguile the hours of darkness by yielding to the promptings of the Muse, and now offers this volume, as the fruit of his efforts, to a generous public.

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